Thou maist deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his Mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my heart,
Hysterica passio downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question, thou hadst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among a hundred, but can smell him that's stincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wise man giu
mine againe, I would haue no
foole giues it.

That Sir that serues
And followes but for
Will packe when it be
And leaue thee in the
But I will tarry, the
And let the wise man
The knaue turnes foo
The foole no knaue pe

Kent. Where learnt you thi
Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear

Lear. Deny to speake with
They traueld hard to night, me
I the images of reuolt and flyi
Fetch me a better answer.

Glost. My deare Lord, you kn
how vnremoueable and fixt he

Lear. Veangeance, death, p
ty; why *Gloucester*, *Gloucester*, id
wall, and his wife.

Glost. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would spea
Would with his daughter spe
Fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke
No but not yet, may be he is
Infirmity doth still neglect all
Is bound, we are not our selue
Commands the minde to suff
And am fallen out with my
To take the indisposed and si
Death on my state, wherefore
This acte perswades me, that

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34